



THE WHISPER OF HORROR
A COLLECTION OF NIGHTMARES

BENEATH THE GLASS:

PART 2 OF 2

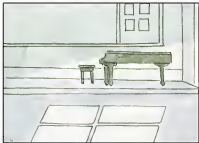
Written and Artwork by
JUDE FRIDAY

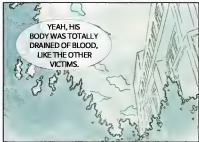


WOOJIN KANG?
REALLY?!!
HOW'D HE DIE?!!

A SERIAL KILLER?!
WHAT??



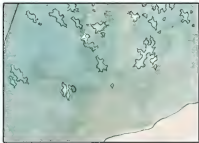
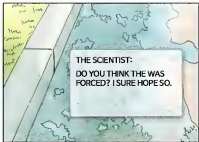




THE SCIENTIST:

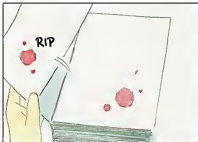
**LIKE ALWAYS, AFTER
BORROWING HER BOOK,
SHE DIDN'T COME TO
SCHOOL FOR 2 DAYS.**











THE SCIENTIST:

I SOMETIMES WONDER WHAT
WOULD'VE HAPPENED IF ONLY
I HADN'T OPENED THE BOOK.
I DIDN'T REALLY EVEN
WANNA READ IT.





THE SCIENTIST:

**I GUESS THAT WAS
FATE TOO.**



SCIENCE ROOM

**CAN YOU DO A BLOOD
TYPE ANALYSIS OF OLD,
DRIED BLOOD?**



IS THIS HOW YOU
ASK ONE OF YOUR
TEACHERS, HUH?



WHEN YOU ACTUALLY
GET MARRIED AND
MOVE OUT, THEN
I'LL BE MORE
COURTEOUS.





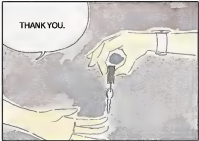
THE SCIENTIST:

**ONCE THE SEEDS OF
SUSPICION ARE PLANTED,
THERE'S ABSOLUTELY
NO WAY OF DRIVING THEM
OUT OF YOUR HEAD.
IT CAN BE MADDENING.**

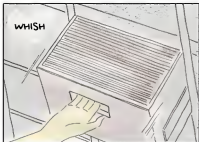




I CAME TO PUT THE LIST
OF BORROWED BOOKS
IN THE DOCUMENT
STORAGE ROOM.

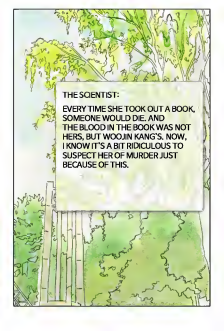


THANK YOU.



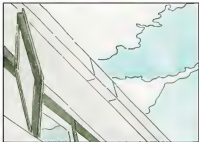
A close-up of a student record form. The form contains the following information: NAME WOOJIN KANG, HEIGHT 168CM, WEIGHT 58KG, BLOOD TYPE AB, VISION (LEFT) 0.9 (RIGHT) NORMAL. A small portion of a person's face is visible in the bottom left corner.

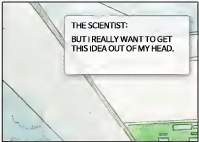
NAME	WOOJIN KANG
HEIGHT	168CM
WEIGHT	58KG
BLOOD TYPE	AB
VISION	(LEFT) 0.9 (RIGHT) NORMAL

The background of the page is a stylized illustration. At the top, there are green trees with black outlines. Below them, a light blue sky is visible. In the lower half, there is a green field or lawn, also with black outlines. On the left side, there is a fence made of vertical wooden posts. The overall style is simple and graphic.

THE SCIENTIST:

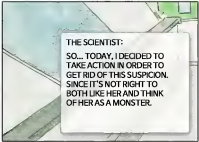
EVERY TIME SHE TOOK OUT A BOOK, SOMEONE WOULD DIE. AND THE BLOOD IN THE BOOK WAS NOT HERS, BUT WOOJIN KANG'S. NOW, I KNOW IT'S A BIT RIDICULOUS TO SUSPECT HER OF MURDER JUST BECAUSE OF THIS.



A comic panel background showing a light blue sky, a grey road, and a green field with some buildings in the distance.

THE SCIENTIST:

**BUT I REALLY WANT TO GET
THIS IDEA OUT OF MY HEAD.**

A comic panel background showing a light blue sky, a grey road, and a green field with some buildings in the distance.

THE SCIENTIST:

**SO... TODAY, I DECIDED TO
TAKE ACTION IN ORDER TO
GET RID OF THIS SUSPICION.
SINCE IT'S NOT RIGHT TO
BOTH LIKE HER AND THINK
OF HER AS A MONSTER.**



KID A: WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO?

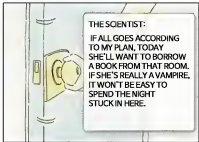
**THE SCIENTIST:
SHE JUST WENT INTO
THE LIBRARY.**

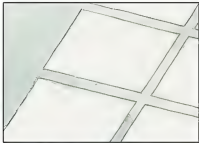


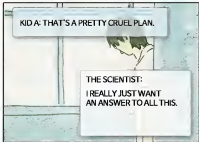
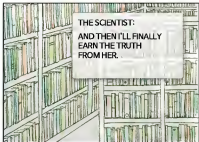
THE SCIENTIST:

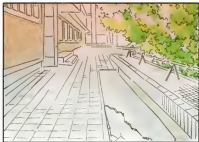
THIS USED TO BE A STORAGE ROOM FOR HUMANITIES BOOKS AND LITERATURE, SO THERE ARE NO WINDOWS, AND THERE'S ONLY ONE ENTRANCE.

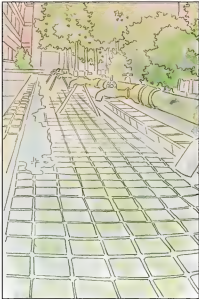




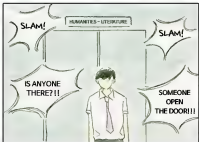




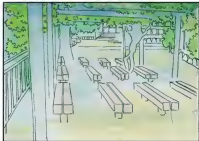
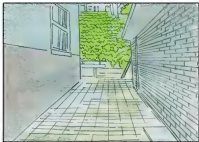














KID A:

WHEN WE SAY WE LIKE SOMEONE,
WHAT PERCENT OF THAT PERSON
DO WE REALLY KNOW?

THE SCIENTIST:

IT CAN'T BE MEASURED
IN NUMBERS.

KID A:

THEN HOW CAN YOU BE
SURE YOU LIKE HER?

THE SCIENTIST:

BECAUSE I CAN'T STOP
THINKING ABOUT HER.

KID A:

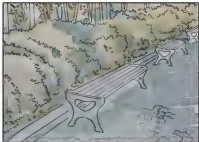
IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE THOUGH.
HOW CAN YOU LIKE ONLY A PART
OF HER WITHOUT KNOWING
EVERYTHING ABOUT HER?

THE SCIENTIST:

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN.
I KNOW I LIKE HER. THE FACT THAT
I CLOSED THE DOOR ON HER IS
PROOF OF THAT.

THE SCIENTIST:

DO YOU EVEN LIKE THE PART
OF HER YOU DOUBT?



THE SCIENTIST:
NO ONE CAN LOVE
ANOTHER PERSON
COMPLETELY.

KID A:

THEN INSTEAD OF SAYING
"HER," YOU SHOULD SAY
A "CERTAIN ASPECT" OF HER.
"OBVIOUSLY EVERYONE HAS AT LEAST
SOME PART OF THEMSELVES
THAT'S LIKEABLE.



KID A:

IF YOU SUSPECT HER,
IT MEANS YOU DON'T FULLY
ACCEPT HER. AND IF YOU CAN'T
ACCEPT HER, IT MEANS YOU DON'T
RESPECT HER. SINCE YOU CAN'T
LOVE HER SIMPLY FOR WHO SHE IS.





KID A:

**WHAT YOU REALLY WANNA CHECK IS
NOT WHAT YOU SUSPECT HER OF,**

KID A:

BUT RATHER YOUR SUSPICION ITSELF.
LIKE, WHETHER OR NOT YOU
REALLY LIKE HER.



IMPOSSIBLE!

KID A:

IF YOU REALLY LIKED HER,
YOU WOULDN'T BE TESTING
HER LIKE THIS.



NO, I'M POSITIVE THAT I LIKE YOU.



EVERY TIME I SEE YOU,
MY HEART FLUTTERS.

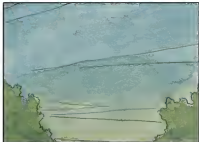




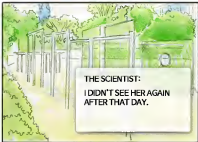


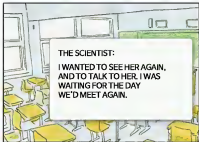
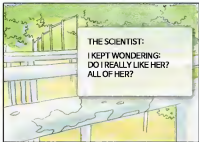
MAYBE WHAT YOU WANNA CONFIRM IS
NOT REALLY YOUR SUSPICION OF HER,
BUT WHETHER YOU REALLY LIKE HER.

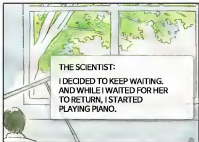


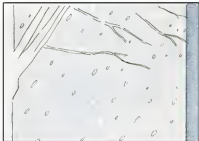


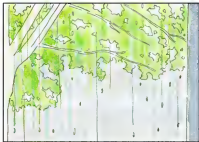
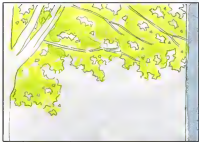




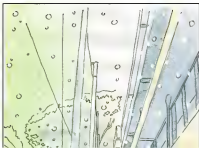


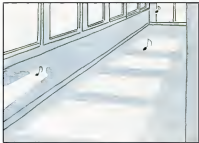






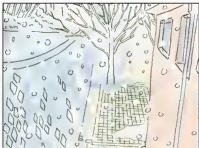












THE VAULT OF HORROR:
A COLLECTION OF NIGHTMARES

BENEATH THE GLASS:

The End



